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been performed in this country, excelling in point of difficulty and *aplomb* even the famed, "Niagara Leap."

Now here is a programme in which we have unlimited variety; every taste is suited, and as a matter of course everybody is pleased. Let our managers but adopt the rule of giving us short, light plays in the place of long comedies and longer and heavier melodramas during the summer season, and my word for it the treasury theatre will be much heavier than it is under the present system.

"Columbus" has been revived at the Winter Garden with great success. The burlesque has been, to use the language of the bills, "reconstructed," and moves on as smoothly as it is to be hoped these unhappy United States will when the "reconstruction system" has been thoroughly inaugurated.

At Wood's Theatre "Fra Diavolo" has proved a decided success, the Worrell Sisters being most piquante and charming in the various roles assigned them.

At the Olympic a new dramatization of "Aurora Floyd" has been produced; it is well played throughout, and is a very clever dramatization, but too long to be enjoyable on these hot summer nights.

At Wallack's, brogue, shillelah, and Dan Bryant are flourishing gloriously.

And now, courteous peruser of these lines, *au revoir*—the woods and waters, the sunshine and the green fields invite me; to use the words of that disreputable old Indian, Metamora, "They've sent for me, and I'm going."

SHUGGE.

FOURTH OF JULY IN HUNTINGTON, L. I.

BY "JEEMS PIPES OF PIPESVILLE."

Having been invited by some of the Phurst Phamilies of this delightful little village to deliver a 4th of July oration, on the evening of the 3d instant I immediately placed 2 shirts, 4 handkerchiefs, 3 pair of socks, and one oration into my carpet bag, and wended my way to the foot of "Sleck Pip," and took the ocean steamer "D. R. Martin, Esq.," for the above-mentioned beautiful seaport town. After a tedious, stormy and delightful voyage of 2 hours and a half, we arrived at a Dock, built by a Mr. Lloyd, called "Lloyd's Dock," and took a stage, crammed full with an intelligent and highly aristocratic audience (including one colored lady female), and driving for 6 miles over a very dusty road, reached Wright's Hotel at 7.

The morning of the "Glorious Fourth" (who ever knew a 4th of July to be anything else but "Glorious") was ushered in by the booming of a small sized "cracker" and the dismal pealing of the A1 2d Presbyterian Church bell, assisted by another of the Methodist persuasion, that resembled a cracked "cow bell" more than anything else I know of.

This was about 4 in the morning, and I could not sleep.

Fitz—fizz—bang—bang—bang—pop! pop!—went the crackers and as I looked from my hotel window, the sight beggared description. Nobody would ever doubt the loyalty or patriotism of the inhabitants of this charming spot! From all the liberty poles, church steeples, hotels, and private residences, floated the "Stars and Stripes," while the streets were thronged with

people—and, on a larger beer barrel, an infuriated and highly sensitive and cultivated citizen was reading the "Declaration of Independence" from a pocket edition of "Webster's Dictionary."

As the day continued gradually to dawn, martial music was feebly heard in the distance and soon "Crozier's Band," engaged by a wealthy citizen at \$800 a day, came strolling up Main street, playing "Dear Mother I've come home to Dine." Following this was a large Pickwick procession, including some lovely ladies, mothers, and children, and several Fenians.

They reached several miles in length, and disappearing in the dim distance, in the woods, I saw them no more.

By this time the Mayor, Aldermen, and Common Council waited upon me at my hotel and advised me that my time was come.

I was equal to the occasion, and seated in a chair, once taken from General Washington's Headquarters, and raised high upon a Chicago Platform, I commenced:

"Feller citizens,"—(this announcement was received with a storm of perfect applause) "when in the course" (good, that's it—go it old boss!)—I cannot persist if I am interrupted in this way, said I—"of human events"—(that's so, go it Pipes, give it 'em,) "Well, ladies and gentlemen, thanking you for the honor you have done me—I throw myself"—(and here I fell right slap bang amongst the spectators, and was carried by 6 excited Fenians of General Sweeney's private brigade into "Conklin's" drug store, where Dr. Willie Murphy, applying some cholera medicine to both eyes, bandaged them up, and I was soon carried into the outskirts of the city, where I speedily regained my shattered senses.

The Fireworks in the evening surpass belief. At the Rev. Mr. Fairchild's, a blaze of glory and Poroteknick skill dazzled the eye of the beholder. Conklin's private mansion was one mass of fire—outside the door was seated the entire family, listening to the bewildering strains of a full band, sung by a gentleman with one voice, assisted by Col. Charley Salar—do. The night was dark, gloomy, stormy, rainy, starlight and beautiful, and bathed in subdued perspiration and half a gallon of soda water, I sought my downy couch, and after telegraphing the gorgeous "Gerardus" to have my rooms warmed at the St. Denis Hotel, and directing him to request the rumbumptious and liberal-hearted Moses Mitchell, Esq., to buy me 100 Erie, short or long, or both—for cash—I left, and am,

Yours ever,
"JEEMS PIPES OF PIPESVILLE."

EXTRACTS FROM MY DIARY.

May 31st.

To-day the virgin queen of the seasons, modest May, courtesies an addio to coy, blushful maidenhood. To-morrow she is a matron, fervent and haughty. Her light, sheeny robes of azure and emerald pale, she doffs for an ampler gown of deeper dyes. Her fleet, fairy foot shakes off its dainty, silver shoes for cumbrous sandals of lustrous gold and green. And the pearl-white lilies wherewith her virgin brow is coronetted, will be displaced by a diadem of royal roses, crimson-petaled and velvet soft—Regina superba!

This morning my matutinal studies were musically distracted—the distraction came in through my open window, came across the narrow street, from a vocal artist who lodges at the Prince Albert, the *vis à vis* of this little hotel, the

Prince Regent. As the heat of my rose-draped chamber was oppressive this morning, I threw up my window to admit a fresh, cooling breeze, and reseating myself at the piano commenced the study of the divinely beautiful A Major Sonata of Mozart. To mitigate my short sight, my piano stands by the window opening upon the street. *Le troisième étage* of the Prince Regent is rather higher than the same floor of the Prince Albert, so that a glance from my seat at the piano embraces Monsieur l'artiste's entire room. I do not know how long Monsieur had been chanting; I had a dreamy half-consciousness that notes, foreign to those I produced, were mingling with those of the celestial poem before me; but soon the vocal tones became most provokingly obtrusive. I closed my ears against their enchanting impertinence, and played on. And still the grand tenore chanted, skimming this opera and that, as the fitting honey-bee flits from flower to flower, sipping its dainty sweetness. In vain I attempted to listen to my heavenly Mozart. I had succeeded in groping blindly through the infinitely lovely *divina tema*, and its variations with their delicate nuances of alternate joy and sadness: through that sea of sound, riding upon the waves of liquid melody, until the movement emerges up into that mysteriously sublime minuet, where the harmony spreads out into resistless glory, stretching far out into the infinitude of harmonic beauty,—when my vocal *voisin*, approaching his open window, assumed a most theatrical pose, and commenced that touching love-plaint, "Ah che la morte." Despairing of longer resisting this mellifluous intrusion, I yielded, folded my arms, and listened to its dulcet strain.

This charming aria is to me a delightful souvenir of my first acquaintance with the Lyric stage. I was only five years old when mamma considered me eligible to the honor of accompanying her to the opera. But although so young, I was intelligent, and had read something beside "Mother Goose's Melodies"—I already knew the "Arabian Nights" by heart, and was familiar with Shakespeare's imaginative plays, and had had for some time high aspirations to witness some theatrical representation—although my childish taste turned to fairy spectacles sparkling with visions of enchanted castles, gallant cavaliers, and beautiful princesses, rather than serious dramas. However, mamma took me to hear "Il Trovatore." Although there were in that opera no magic lamps or fairy godmothers, still it was for me a glimpse into an enchanted realm; the music filled me with rapture, and the singers—I one in particular, I looked upon with the utmost enthusiasm, for he appeared to me to be far above all of my favorite heroes in the land of romance—far above any of whom I had hitherto read or imagined. This singer was Pasquale Brignoli. I can remember how every note of his glorious voice seemed to penetrate my child's heart, and although I have since listened to many fine singers whom the world styles superior to him, my infantile enthusiasm for Brignoli remains unabated.

In New York the admiration of art-lovers for Brignoli seems to have diminished of late—his absence and the presence of "other rivals round the throne" have turned the enthusiasm of his fickle former worshippers into a new channel—but Brignoli has one friend and admirer who remains constant to him, and from whom a word of praise is a bright jewel in his art-tiara, and esteemed, I should think, above myriads of flattering compliments from those ignorant of the

divine art, the Chevalier Gottschalk, who in a letter published in the Atlantic Monthly about a year ago, says:

"Brignoli, notwithstanding the defects his detractors love to heap upon him, is an artist I sincerely admire. The reverse of vocalists who, I am sorry to say, are for the most part vulgar ignoramuses, he is a thorough musician, and perfectly qualified to judge a musical work. His enemies would be surprised to learn that he knows by heart Hummel's concerto in A minor. He learned it as a child when he contemplated becoming a pianist, and he still plays it charmingly. Brignoli knows how to sing, and were it not for the excessive fear that paralyzes all his faculties before an audience, he would rank among the best singers of the day."

This evening when Louis came in to lay the cloth for our evening meal, I inquired who was the singer at the Prince Albert? "Mademoiselle," he replied, "*c'est un grand artiste du Theatre Lyrique.*"

I have another interruption to record. Half an hour after the transpiration of the incident that I have just recorded, and when I had again resumed my study of the magnificent sonata, there was a knock at my chamber door, and the lovely, fair-haired artist, Mary Elma, and her lady mother were announced. A morning call from this little busy-bee, the talented and admirable portrait artist, is no usual occurrence. But having just finished a picture of one of America's representative women,—representative of republican ideas at the imperial court of France,—she was enjoying a little *Alnerie* with *Madame sa mère*. Madame is one of New England's queens of intellect, transplanted to old Albion, but now upon a visit to her artist daughter, who resides in beautiful Paris. Although I had long known the daughter, this was the first time that I had ever met her distinguished mother—distinguished long before I was born, as an author, lecturer, and physician (beneficent triad); therefore I looked upon Madame as a very interesting and somewhat awesome personage. She was attired in a dress half conventional and half that of a religieuse: a black flowing gown, a *chapeau noir*, over which was thrown an ample white veil falling nearly to the hem of her robe, and in her fragile hands she held a bunch of white blooming lilies. Madame was quite exhausted by her toilsome ascent to *le troisième étage*, but her pale-blue sibilant eyes declined to participate in any weakness of the frail body, and shone with that resplendent fire that reveals the fertility, force, and noble quality of her brain.

Mademoiselle called to invite us—that is, mamma, my sister and myself—to her art-rooms tomorrow evening to see the picture. Other guests there will be: artists in literature, artists in music, and artists in colors. We are to have music, some wise talk, and tea. How delightful!

CECILIA.

NEW COMIC OPERAS IN PARIS.

The metropolis of art and fashion is also the native promotress and cherisher of every description of musical comicalities, which make their appearance there, or in other great cities. They are generally distinguished by the good taste which is profusely lavished upon them, and are not deficient of wit. The comic opera without producing exactly anything like what we decorate with the denomination of comicalities—a

thing rather elastic, for elastic constitutions to digest—is a charming institution, suited to the French character, and extremely dainty and careful about the charming incidents which it generally illustrates on its semi-musical stage, with more or more less classical music. But it is an institution all over the country, immensely appreciated and most deservedly so, and has no less than three magnificent temples, for the comic-musical worshippers, in the French capital. When the immense moral value and civilizing influence of the comic opera, becomes better known in the United States, New York will be anxious to beat Paris by one or two similar establishments.

One of the new comic operas out in Paris, retranslated from the German is the "Merry Wives of Windsor," a sequel to a "Midsummer's Night Dream," which was a good composition thirteen years ago. But more of the Merry Wives of Windsor on a future occasion, when our own merry wives, God bless them! will have fully enjoyed their summer villegiatura and be pleased to graciously smile upon us and upon many other more pleasant looking objects, which the fall and winter season hold in store for them.

Much ado about nothing, isn't it, fairest of all readers? I was going to tell you something about another new comic opera, "La Colombe," the turtle dove—how sweet it sounds—in two acts, by Gounod, the libretto by Messrs. Jules Barrier and Michel Carre, the arch librettists of our time. It was born in one act with its forms somewhat confused in appearance, so that when the doctors came to examine the child they found out that there was the stuff to have a jolly pair of twins. The baby was first heard of at Baden-Baden through the interpretation of Roger and Madame Miolan Carvalho. But after it had undergone the professional examination, those who heard its first modulations, it is asserted, were at a loss to recognize the twins. I do not wonder at this at all; if I was a mother, any transformation of the kind would doubtless puzzle me much.

Well, the poem is taken from one of Boccaccio's anecdotes, which La Fontaine told in verse in that peculiarly simple and cunning style of which the "bonhomme" has carried the secret with him over to the other side of the bridge of eternity. This has been thoroughly manifested, measured out, scanned, yarned out and spun out by the impresarii, it seems, to everybody's satisfaction. All's well that ends well. Mr. Ch. Gounod has written on this poetic trifle a very graceful partition full of charming incidents, which are generally understood at first hearing. The introductory adagio was listened to and received with great favor; it contains a remarkable violoncello solo, with a most original horn accompaniment. The first song of the prima donna was enthusiastically ancored; the tenor parts were rendered with great effect and drew repeated applause. But the introduction to the second act is the gem of the piece, being a supple, graceful and elegant melody, executed by first violin with harp accompaniment. It was received with the same applause which commemorated the beautiful phrase of the string instruments in *L'Africaine*. The various artists who contributed their talents to the first performance, were all in capital condition, as is always the case in the capitals of Europe, owing to the excellency of their stage discipline and the very serious objections of the public to half and half work.

The names of the authors were loudly called for—in order to receive the honors of acclamation

—for everybody know them, and the house was made to tremble with applause. This "Colombe" seems to possess wing enough to have a good flight, and we may hope to hear more of her flutterings through the "Opera Comique." The author of "Faust" can afford to let fly such a gentle bird while preparing another eagle flight. Meanwhile there seems to be little stirring here with a view of encouraging the deserved popularity of such a charming musical institution as the comic opera.

L. M.

SCULPTURE IN ROME.

THE WORKS OF AMERICAN LADIES.

In the English Art Journal for June there is an article on "Lady Artists in Rome," from which we take an extract or two, hoping it may tempt our artistic readers to peruse the whole: "Mrs. Freeman, to whom, for obvious reasons, we give precedence, is an English lady by birth, and American by marriage. Twenty years of her life have been spent in Rome, eight or nine of which have been devoted to sculpture in the round. Her *genri* is that of 'Putti' (children), and as if to supply the want of that which has been denied to her, she throws all the tenderness of her woman nature into the pretty marble statuettes and heads which she creates. Who that has seen it will forget her 'Sleeping Nelly,' an idea taken from that inimitable character of Dickens in the 'Old Curiosity Shop?' Poor, deserted Nelly, deserted by all but Providence, lies extended on her rough mattress, while guardian angels are watching at her pillow. This, one of her earliest works, is in the possession of Mr. Terry. Very similar in character are the 'Princes Sleeping in the Tower,' all unconscious of the danger which menaces them—a group executed for Mr. Bowring. Pretty little statuettes, too, and ideal and portrait heads, have been made by Mrs. Freeman; but her *capo lavoro*, perhaps, is a vase, not a commission, intended to be cast in bronze. In twenty-four figures in relief she describes a Bacchanalian feast, all of them children frolicking in the full gaiety of youth, some dancing, some playing on musical instruments. Vine leaves and grapes fill up the intervals, while the pedestal is formed of three children who appear to have yielded to the saporific influences of the jolly god."

Again: "Of Miss Hosmer, an American lady, it is unnecessary to say much, so well known is this clever artist to the British as well as the American public. She arrived in Rome about twelve or thirteen years since, and studied for some time under the great master, Gibson, of whom she was a favorite pupil. One of the first, if not the first, of her sex who adopted the profession of sculptor in the Eternal City, Miss Hosmer excited not a little curiosity, and later as much admiration, by the elegance of her designs and the cleverness of her execution. Her 'Puck' on a mushroom, which has often been repeated, was one of her earliest successes. 'Zenobia' added much to her reputation; but to our mind none of her works has greater or so much merit as her 'Sleeping Faun.' The ease of position, the perfect *abandon* of the figure, are wonderfully given, and we are half disposed to step lightly lest we may disturb the slumber so graphically described. At present Miss Hosmer is modelling, as a companion to it, the 'Waking Faun.' A youngster of the same family is seated on the ground by his side, and, taking advantage of the somnolency of his parent, has managed to bind